

COVER
LITTLE
ACTIVITY BOOKS

HANSEL AND GRETEL

Coloring Book



Illustrated by Karen E. Goldsmith

Hansel and Gretel Coloring Book

KAREN E. GOLDSMITH

Dover Publications, Inc.
New York

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Published in Canada by General Publishing Company, Ltd., 30 Lesmill Road, Don Mills, Toronto, Ontario.

Published in the United Kingdom by Constable and Company, Ltd., 3 The Lanchesters, 162-164 Fulham Palace Road, London W6 9ER.

***Hansel and Gretel Coloring Book* is a new work, first published by Dover Publications, Inc., in 1993.**

International Standard Book Number: 0-486-27551-5

Manufactured in the United States of America
Dover Publications, Inc., 31 East 2nd Street, Mineola, N.Y. 11501

Note

IN A TIME of famine and hardship, a brother and sister are thrown out of their home into the wild woods. Lost and hungry, they run into an evil witch who has bad things in mind for them. The story of Hansel and Gretel has been one of the world's favorite folktales for many generations. Now you can follow the adventures of these two brave children in 29 easy-to-color illustrations by Karen E. Goldsmith. In addition to the characters mentioned, you will also meet the children's mean stepmother and their good but weak father—and you'll have a fun time coloring in the witch's house made of candy and cake.



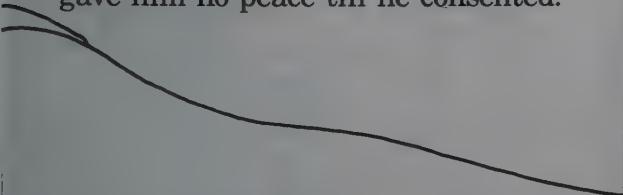
CLOSE to a large forest there lived a woodcutter with his second wife and his two children. The boy was called Hansel, and the girl Gretel. They were always very poor, and had very little to live on—and at one time, when there was famine in the land, the father could no longer provide daily bread.



One night he said to his wife, "How are we to feed our children when we have nothing for ourselves?"

She answered, "Early tomorrow morning we will take them into the thickest part of the forest, and give each of them a piece of bread; then we will go to our work and leave them alone. They won't be able to find their way back, and we shall be rid of them."

The man was unwilling, but she gave him no peace till he consented.





The two children could not go to sleep for hunger, and they heard what their stepmother said. Gretel wept bitterly, "All is over with us now!"

"Be quiet, Gretel!" said Hansel. "Don't cry, I will find some way out."





When the old people were asleep, he got up, put on his coat, and slipped out. The moon shone brightly on the white pebbles round the house. Hansel bent down and put as many into his pockets as he could.

Then he went back to Gretel, and said, "Take comfort, little sister, and go to sleep. God won't forsake us." And then he went to bed again.



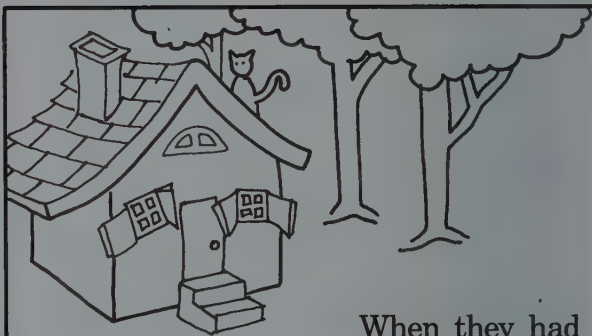




Before the sun had risen, the woman came and said, "Get up, you lazy things! We are going into the forest to fetch wood."

Then she gave them each a piece of bread, and said, "Here is something for your dinner, but don't eat it before, for you'll get no more."





When they had gone a little way, Hansel stopped and looked back at the cottage, and he did the same thing again and again.

His father said, "Hansel, what are you looking at?"

"Oh, Father!" said Hansel, "I am looking at my white cat sitting on the roof, saying goodbye to me."

But Hansel was not looking at the cat, he was dropping a pebble on the ground each time he stopped.

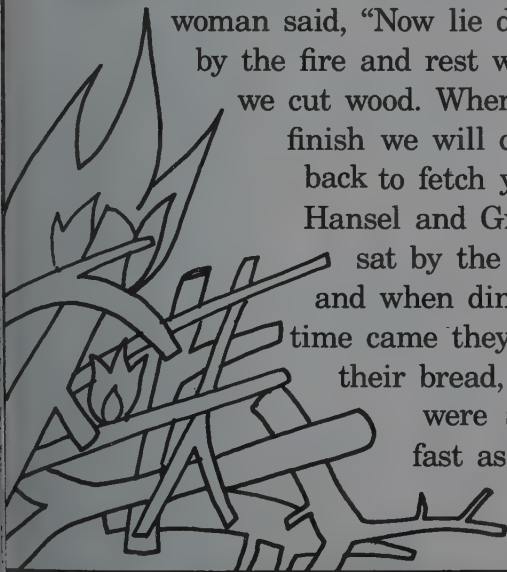




When they reached the middle of the forest, their father said, "Now, children, pick up some wood, I want to make a fire."

Hansel and Gretel soon made a huge pile. When it was lighted, the woman said, "Now lie down by the fire and rest while we cut wood. When we finish we will come back to fetch you."

Hansel and Gretel sat by the fire, and when dinner-time came they ate their bread, and were soon fast asleep.



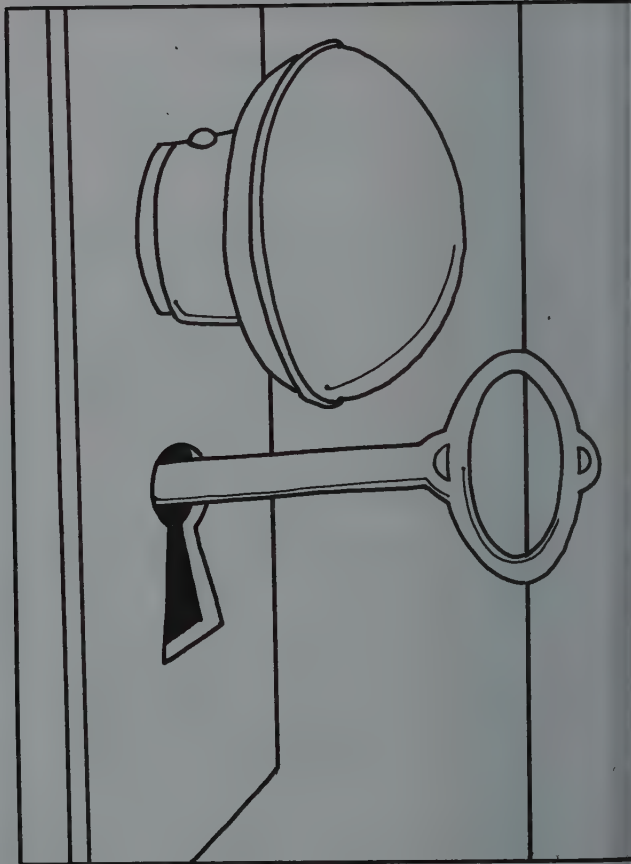


When they woke it was dark. Gretel began to cry, "How will we ever get out of the wood!"

But Hansel comforted her, "Wait till the moon rises, then we will find our way."

When the moon rose, Hansel took his sister's hand, and they walked, guided by the pebbles, back to their father's cottage.

They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it and saw Hansel and Gretel, she said, "You bad children, why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you did not mean to come back." But their father was delighted, for it had made him very sad to leave them behind alone.



Not long after, they were again in great need, and the children heard the woman say to their father, "We have eaten up everything but half a loaf. The children must go; we will take them further into the forest so they won't be able to find their way back."

The man took it much to heart, and said, "We had better share our last crust with the children."

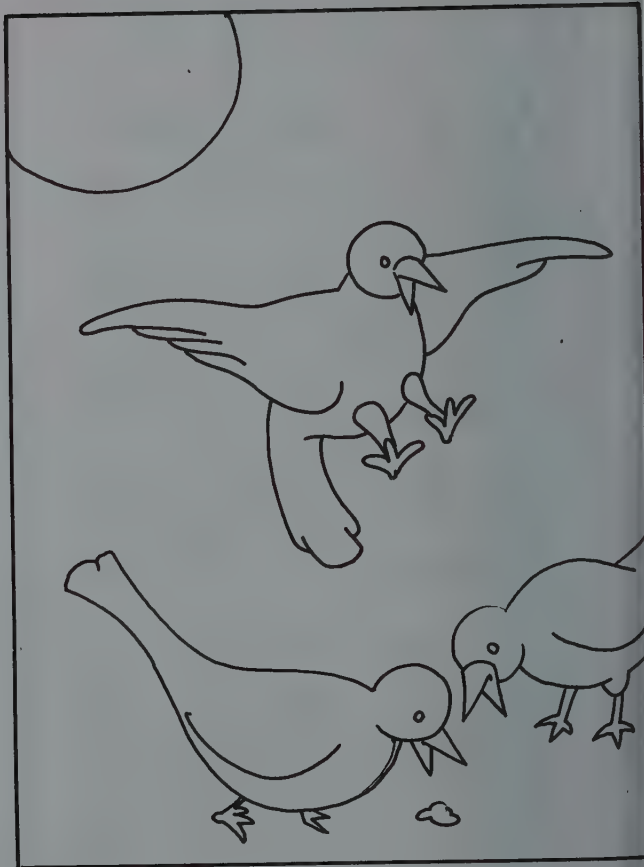
When the old people went to sleep Hansel again got up to go out and get some more pebbles, but the woman had locked the door and he couldn't get out. But he consoled his little sister, "Don't cry, Gretel. God will help us."



In the morning the woman made the children get up, and gave them each a piece of bread, smaller than the last. On the way to the forest Hansel crumbled his up, and every now and then threw a crumb on the ground.

The woman led the children deep into the forest. Again they made a fire, and the woman said, "Stay here. We are going further on to cut wood, and in the evening we will come fetch you."

At dinner Gretel shared her bread with Hansel, for he had crumbled his up. Then they went to sleep, and the evening passed, but no one came to fetch them.



It was quite dark when they woke up, and Hansel cheered his sister, "Wait till the moon rises, then we can see the crumbs I scattered to show us the way home."

When the moon rose they started, but found no bread crumbs, for the birds of the forest had eaten them.



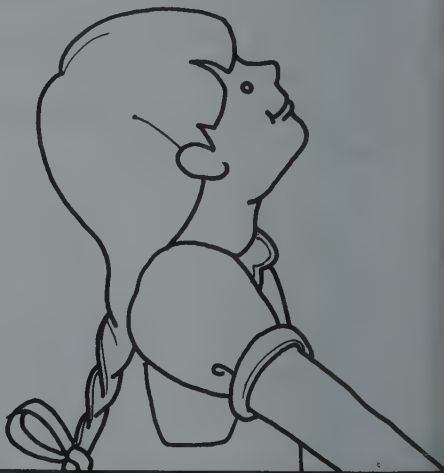


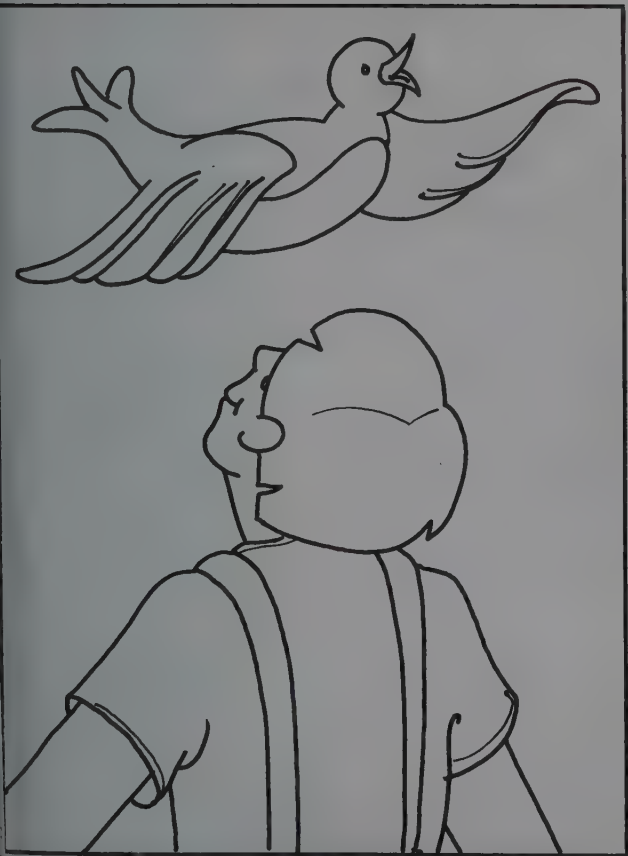


So they could not find the way. They walked all night, and all the next day, but they could not get out of the wood. They were very hungry and tired, so they lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

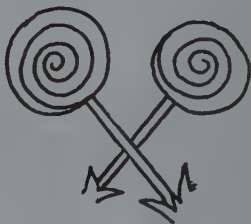
When they woke in the morning, it was the third day since they had left home. They started to walk again, but only got deeper into the wood.

At midday they saw a snow-white bird sitting on a tree. It sang so beautifully that they stood still to listen to it. When it stopped, it fluttered its wings and flew round them. They followed it to a little cottage, on the roof of which it settled itself.





When they got near, they saw
that the house was made of bread,
roofed with cake; the windows were
transparent sugar.







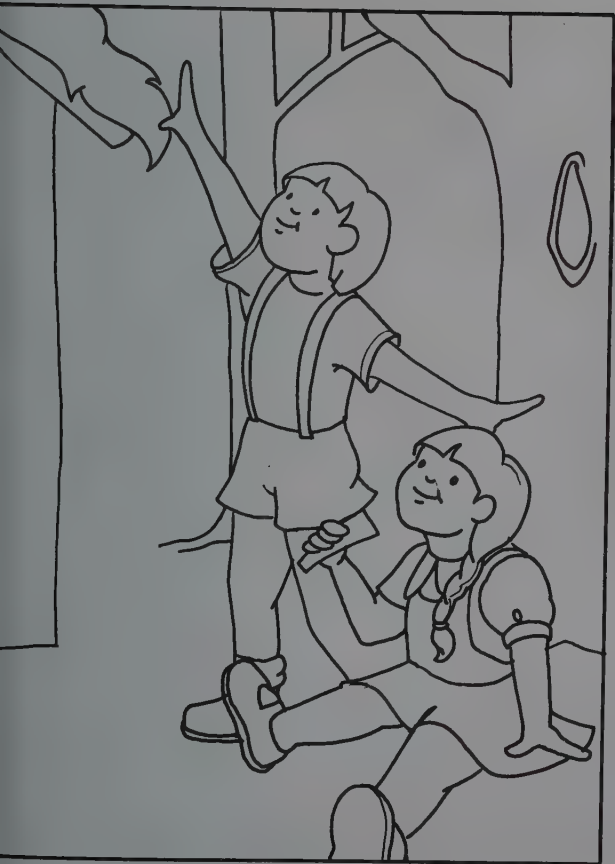
Hansel reached up and broke
off a piece of the roof to try it.
Gretel went to the window and
nibbled at it. A gentle voice
called from within:

“Nibble, nibble, like a mouse,
Who is nibbling at my house?”

And the children answered,

“Never mind,
It is the wind.”

and went on eating without a
care.



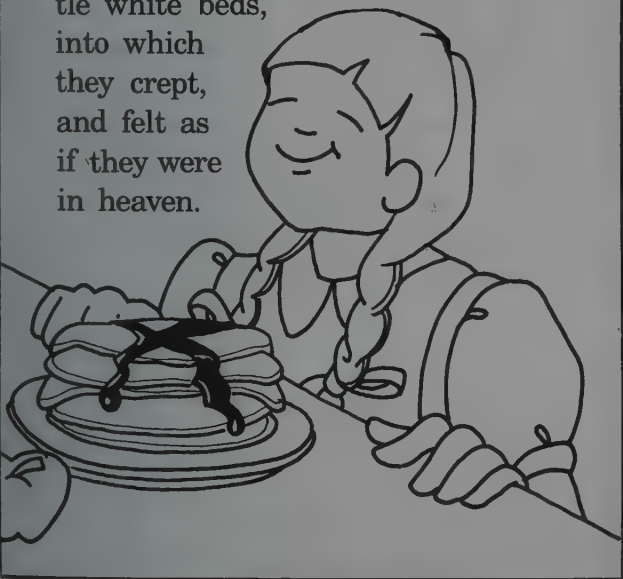


All at once the door opened
and an old woman hob-
bled out. She kindly
invited the children
to come in.



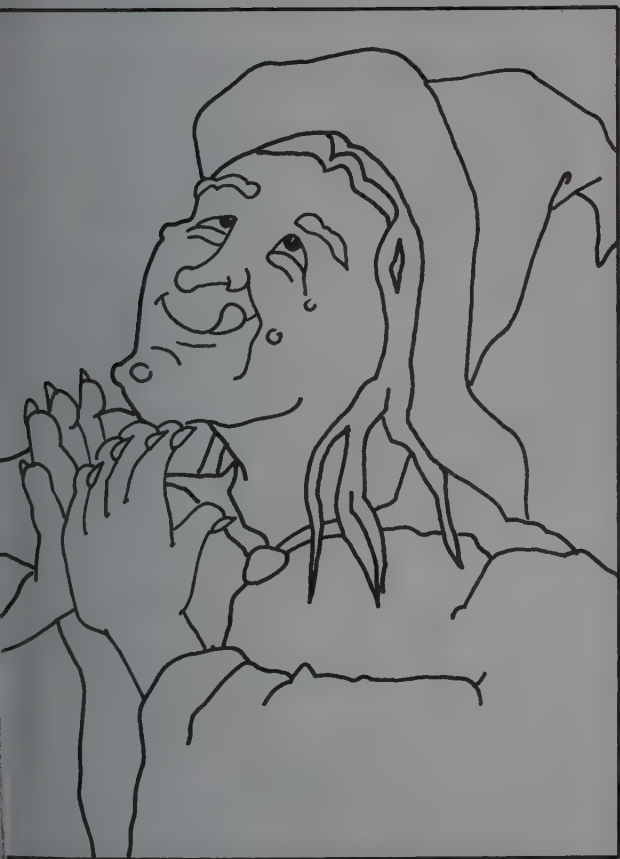


She took them by the hand and led them into the little house. A nice dinner was set before them, pancakes, milk, apples and nuts. After this she showed them two little white beds, into which they crept, and felt as if they were in heaven.



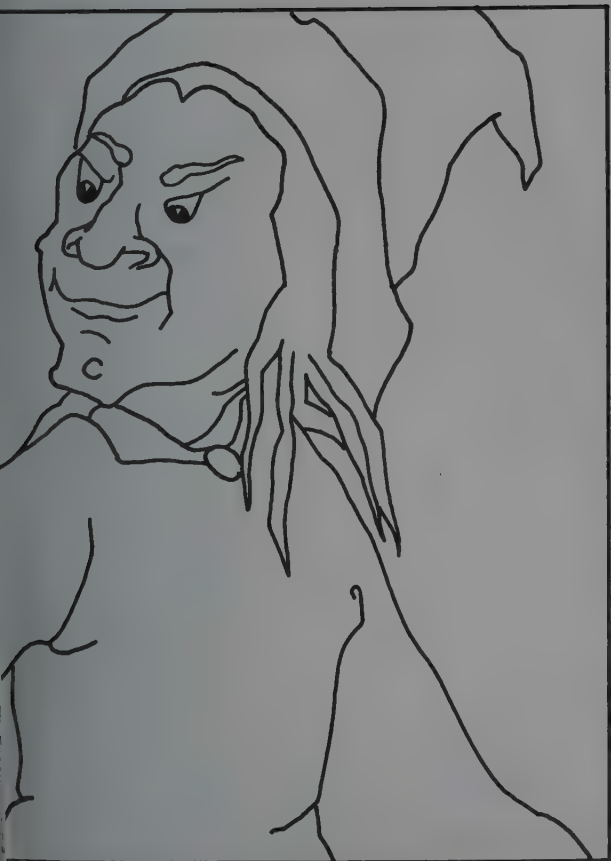
Although the old woman appeared to be friendly, she was really a wicked old witch who was on the watch for children, and she had built the bread house in order to lure them to her. Whenever she could get a child into her clutches she cooked it and had a grand feast.

She got up early in the morning, before the children were awake, and when she saw them sleeping, she murmured to herself, "They will be dainty morsels."



She seized Hansel with her bony hand and carried him off to a stable, where she shut him up with a barred door. He could shriek as loud as he liked, she took no notice of him.





Then she went to Gretel and shook her awake, shouting, "Get up, lazybones, and cook something nice for your brother; he is in the stable, and has to be fattened. When he is nice and fat, I will eat him."

Gretel began to cry bitterly, but it was no use, she had to obey the witch.





The old woman went to the stable every morning, and cried, "Hansel, put your finger out for me to feel how fat you are." Hansel put out a little bone, and the old woman, whose eyes were dim, thought it was his finger, and was amazed that he did not get fat.

When four weeks had passed, and Hansel kept thin, she became very impatient and would wait no longer. "Now then, Gretel," she cried, "run along and fetch the water. Fat or thin, tomorrow I will kill Hansel and eat him."



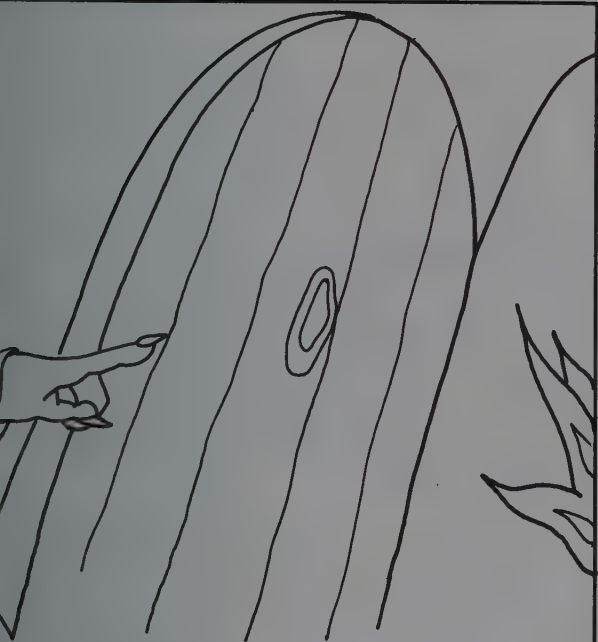
How his poor sister grieved! As she carried the water, the tears streamed down her cheeks. "Dear God, help us!" she cried. "If only the wild animals in the forest had devoured us, at least we would have died together."

"Spare your tears; they will do you no good," said the old woman.

Early in the morning Gretel had to go out to fill the kettle with water, and then she had to kindle a fire and hang the kettle over it. "We will bake first," said the old witch. "I have heated the oven and kneaded the dough."

She pushed poor Gretel towards the oven, and said: "Creep in and see if it is properly heated, and then we will put the bread in."





She meant to shut the door and
roast her.

But Gretel saw her intention, and said, "I don't know how to get in. How am I to manage it?"

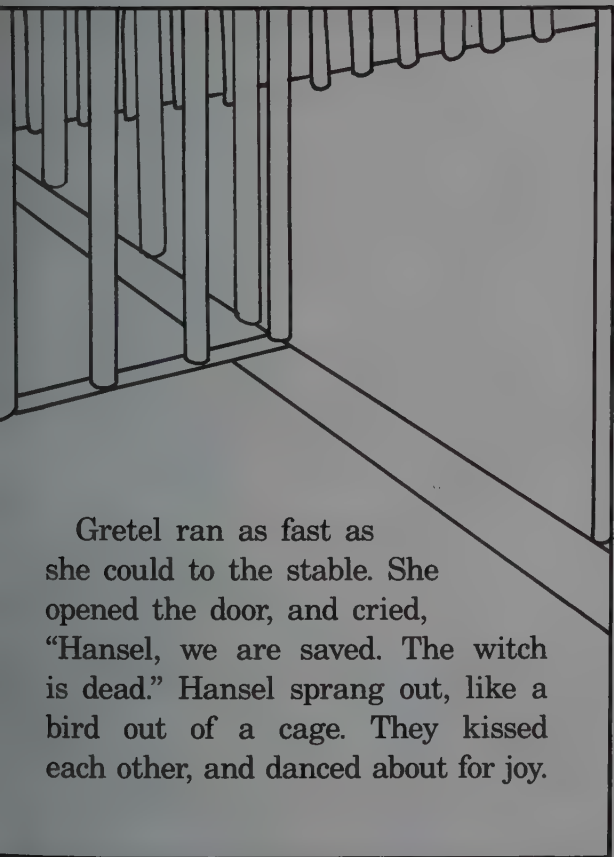
"Stupid goose!" cried the witch. "The opening is big enough, you can see that I could get in myself."

She hobbled up, and stuck her head into the oven. But Gretel gave her a push that sent the witch right in, and then she banged the door and bolted it.

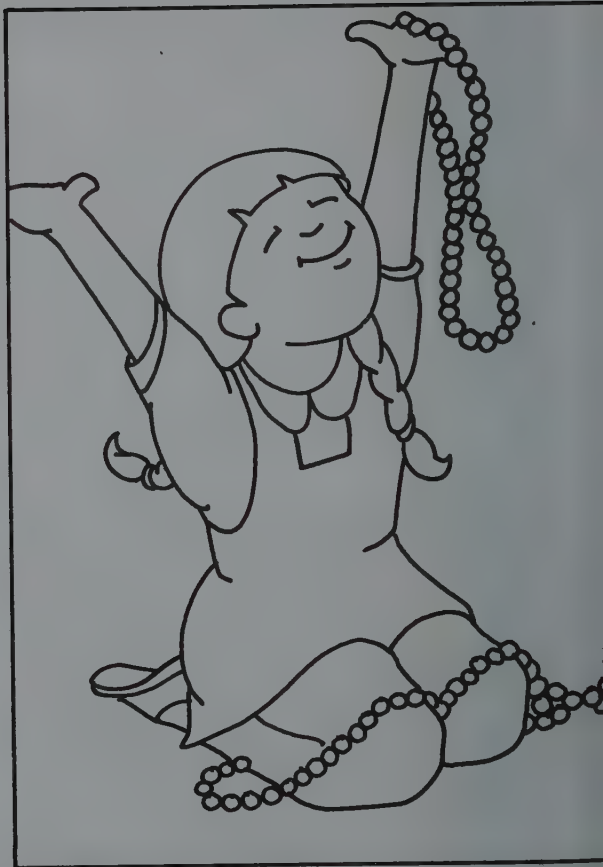
"Oh! oh!" the witch began to howl horribly. But Gretel ran away and left her to die miserably.



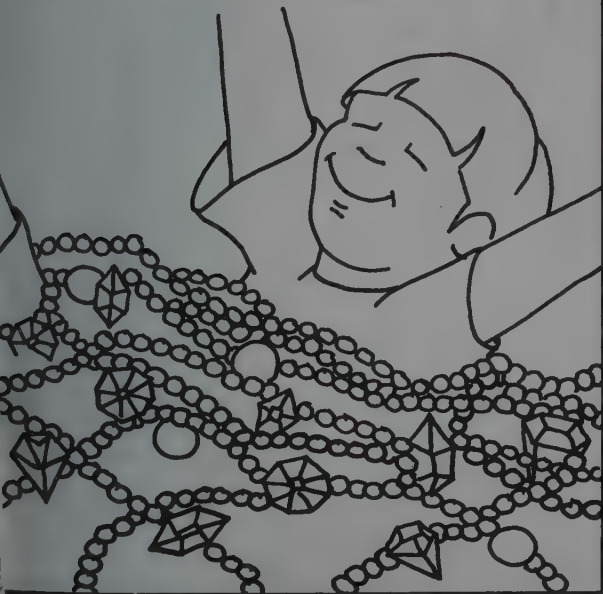




Gretel ran as fast as she could to the stable. She opened the door, and cried, "Hansel, we are saved. The witch is dead." Hansel sprang out, like a bird out of a cage. They kissed each other, and danced about for joy.



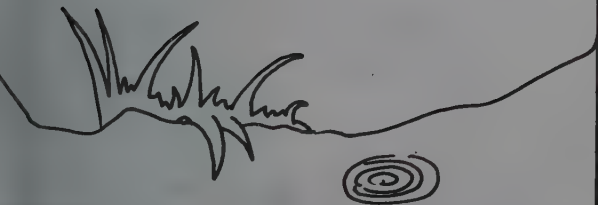
As they had nothing to fear, they went into the witch's house, and they found chests in every corner full of pearls and precious stones.





“These are better than pebbles,” said Hansel, as he filled his pockets and Gretel filled her apron, “but now we must go so that we may get out of the witch’s wood.”

After walking for a while, they came to a great river, which they managed to cross, and noticed that the woods became more familiar until at last they saw their father’s cottage.

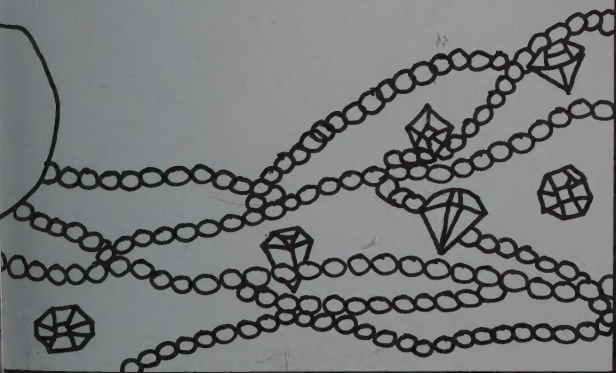




They rushed inside, where they threw their arms round their father's neck. The man had not had a happy moment since he had deserted his children in the wood, and in the meantime his second wife had died.



Gretel shook her apron and scattered the pearls and precious stones all over the floor, and Hansel added handful after handful out of his pockets. So all their troubles came to an end, and they lived very happily. :



HANSEL AND GRETEL

Coloring Book

Illustrated by Karen E. Goldsmith

This entertaining little coloring book combines all the fun of coloring with one of the most popular of all fairy tales. A simple, easy-to-read text and 29 appealing illustrations (most double-page spreads) tell the tale of two youngsters left by their destitute parents to fend for themselves in a deep, dark forest. There they discover a temptingly edible cottage and eventually triumph over the wicked old witch who lives in it.

Original Dover (1993) publication. 29 black-and-white illustrations. 64pp. Note. $4\frac{3}{16} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$. Paperbound.

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W7-CKX-881

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